

## INTERFERING SALLY

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Sally Peters, on night duty, sat at her little table in the corridor making out charts and figuring that she evidently had an uninterrupted twelve hours ahead. Only the glowing dome of the operating building gave any evidence of activity and that, detached as it was from the main hospital, would make no demands on Sally's time.

Still, suppose that Doctor Lane were operating. Sally's fountain pen paused and made a tiny blot on Mrs. Hall's chart. Since Sally had gone on night duty, Doctor Lane had twice chosen, in the completion of a late operation, to leave the grounds by way of the main building. What interest had nurses just past probation in successful surgeons?

Hark! What was that? Unmistakably soft pressed into a pillow. Sally laid down her pen with a sigh. Semiconscious patients are often difficult to handle.

But the cause of the disturbance was none other than Molly McCleod, a slim slip of a girl, whose husband had deserted her some months before the birth of her husky, dimpled twins at the hospital. Half turned over on the narrow bed she lay, her face on her hands, her long, crinkly braids black streaks on the white blanket, while her thin shoulders quivered.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked Sally softly.

Molly stopped crying suddenly; then broke forth again. "I want Barney! I want Barney. And when I leave the hospital I've no place to go."

An hour later Sally, back at her desk with Molly quivered by assurances that everything would turn out all right, saw a familiar figure coming down the hall, and presently young Doctor Lane stood tall and friendly beside her.

"A quiet evening, nurse?" he asked in the calm even voice which nevertheless always caused a thrill in Sally's susceptible little heart.

"Yes, doctor," answered Sally professionally.

"Come now," said the man severely, a twinkle in his eye belaying the severity of his tone. "I am yes-doctored

thought if you brought me, the landlady might be more—more—"

"Impressed," helped out the doctor, with a smile.

"That's it," assented Sally; "think she had influential friends, you know."

Doctor Lane looked at her, his eyes twinkling. "You little—little—" he paused—"schemer," he finished, but his glance said something else.

There was no time, however, for further conversation. The corner of East street loomed uninvitingly before them. Flanked on one side by a number of shabby one-story buildings, stood the dingy house that had sheltered Molly. The open door disclosed a carpetless passageway.

As Sally hesitated one of the doors opening on the gloomy hall was jerked back by unseen hands, and a masculine back appeared, evidently in retreat from a pursuing flow of language.

"I'll tell nothing to you nor the likes of you. I've dealt with one desertin' husband, and that was me own. When he came back, down and out, did I take him in? I did not. I told him where he could go, and the same I says to you." The door slammed shut, and the youth turned.

At the same instant Sally clutched the doctor's arm. "Barney!" she whispered.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the conversation that the doctor and Sally had with Barney McCleod. Enough to say that when they left him they were satisfied as to his intentions toward Molly, and he in turn knew that the visiting hours in the ward began at ten o'clock.

One minute before ten the next morning an embarrassed, tow-headed youth was admitted to the ward and ushered behind a screen to find a radiant Molly, who had been told of his coming. And the two of them forgave and forgot the past in plans for the future.

A few days later Molly went home. Sally, now off night duty, watched the little group go down the street, Molly clinging to one of her husband's well-filled arms. Then she turned from the window with a sigh. She had troubles of her own.

One or two of the nurses had quizzed her about her ride with Doctor Lane. And now a summons, brief, curt, had come from Miss Bagley, head nurse, to report to the office as soon as she went off duty.

Crossing the courtyard on her way to the office, her hands plunged into the pockets of her skirt. Sally suddenly became aware of a tall figure looming beside her in the gathering darkness. "A penny for your thoughts," said the voice of the very person she was thinking about, "or are you just wondering, now that the McCleod job is off your hands, what other pie you can put your finger into?"

But Sally shook her head. "All worry," Doctor Lane. "I'm on my way to the office for a call-down."

"Not about our ride?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"Fraid so," admitted Sally.

The doctor was silent a minute. Then, "Sally," he said, "I hadn't meant to speak so soon, but if you tell Miss Bagley you are engaged to me, it will make all the difference in the world, and what a difference to me, darling!"

Little shivers of joy were chasing each other up and down Sally's spine. Was this wonderful thing really true?

"Come, dear," said the man's voice tenderly, as, screened from view by the twilight and shade of the maples, he drew her close. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes, doctor," said Sally Peters, and lifted up her lips.

## APART FROM MODERN WORLD

Dwellers on Islands of the Aegean Know Little of Business Stress and Bustle.

Islands of the Aegean have thus far largely escaped the influence of modern business life. Few railroads, electric trolleys, automobiles, skyscrapers or commercial storehouses mar the island life of the Aegean with their harsh lines and shrill sounds.

In the natural features of the country scenes are still to be found traces of the old life. Shipping has not wholly lost its ancient form. The picturesque warships, with their banks of oars on each side, have disappeared, but the craft which hauled sail from one port to another, serve as a reminder of the descriptions of the old merchant vessels.

A great wave of colonization passed over this part of the world in early times, and the colonies submerged in to a larger life in which the sea always helped them. In political strife within and the need of protection from without, there was always the sea for refuge. People who could sail away from trouble at home could always find resources, with the sea as the source of many treasures.—Detroit News.

### His Self-Possession.

"Rev. O. Goode Evans has wonderful control over his emotions," commented Professor Pate. "While the wind was blowing so strongly yesterday a sack of flour fell from a derrick into the street and burst open. The contents came swirling down the street in a sirocco of white. It struck the clergyman squarely, instantly covering him from head to foot, transforming him for the nonce into the likeness of an animated snow man. But he only gulped a few times, wiped the flour out of his eyes and well as he could, and went on his way, humming the well-known hymn, 'Whiter Than Snow.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## YOUNG GIRLS' FROCKS FOR GRADUATING DAY



NOW that May and June are not far off, the world is full of talk about graduation dresses. It is buzzing about like the hum of bees in all the schools and in the homes that are lived by those precious but opinionated high-school girls who are about to complete one lap of their little journey in the world. To each one of them her graduation dress is the most important matter in sight, and it is an important matter from several viewpoints.

Many schools, much to their credit, prescribe definitely what their graduates shall wear, and thus avoid heartburnings among the girls. A great many others give some general directions as to how dresses shall be made, and let it go at that; while other schools leave the matter to be decided without any restrictions. In the last case a mother is very often called upon to insist on less pretentious frocks than her daughter would select, and she may acquire a few extra gray hairs and deepened wrinkles in carrying her point. But she must carry it or else have her taste in dress discredited.

The graduation dress is to be made of some thin white fabric in a pretty but simple design, and a delightful example appears in the picture above. White voile and narrow white satin ribbon give a good account of themselves in this girlish dress, which employs nothing else (except white satin for a grille) in its makeup. The voile is gathered into a ribbon at the bottom of the skirt and tucked to an undecorated lining silk.

Not, organize, batiste or georgette might be made in the same way.

Another frock employs narrow ribbon and wide tucks in its decoration. It has a full straight skirt, finished at the bottom with three rows of satin ribbon about an inch and a half wide, placed two and a half inches apart. Above them at the knee there are two tucks, three inches wide, with a four-inch space between them, and above these three rows of ribbon again. Ribbon encircles the baby waist and finishes the short sleeves, placed in three rows on them and finally forms a narrow sash with long loops and ends at the front.

## New Blouses and Smocks



SO MANY of the latest blouses, now being shown for midsummer wear, have elbow sleeves and very short peplums, that there is no room to doubt that they are proving popular. Designers have great faith in these features in midsummer styles since they are fashioning the most costly lace into them as well as the usual beautiful and refined fabrics used for blouses. Irish lace, combined with flit and a little embroidered or pin-tucked batiste, are the rich ingredients that go to make up the most costly of these blouses for midsummer wear. Often fine voile, with drawn-work or embroidery as an embellishment, takes the place of batiste. In many blouses one or the other of these fabrics predominates, but sometimes they make way for the lace and are merely used to set them together cleverly. Among blouses that are simply lace trimmed or ornamented with needlework, voile is a favorite material.

The lovely blouse shown here, made of crepe georgette and decorated with beads, is a perfect example of the new summer blouse. Its short peplum, cut into four scallops at the bottom, is simply an extension of the body of the blouse. Beads in short strands form a fringe for the peplum and the loosely adjusted girdle is made of the

crepe. The sleeves are set in with hemstitching which continues to be the favorite way of disposing of seams in blouses.

A smock of crepe de chine shown with the blouse employs beads also for its trimming, but they are used on its skirt much more plentifully than on the body, reversing the order of things in the blouse. This is a slip-over model fastening on the shoulder and having long sleeves. In the darker colors it is very practical for general wear or for traveling. In lighter colors it makes a pretty toilet for summer afternoons worn with white skirts or with light-colored skirts to match. Many smocks have elbow sleeves, but these, not being becoming to some women, find themselves occasionally replaced by long sleeves with cuffs, like those shown in the picture.

Julia Bottomley

### Stock Collar a Novelty.

The stock collar is such a stranger that its appearance with spring modes classes it as a novelty. It is shown in little wrinkles with a smart tie or a lace jabot as a finish.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

To the seashell's spiral round  
Tis the heart that brings the sound;  
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear  
Within are captured from your ear.  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

### MILK DISHES.

The value of skim and sour milk as a food is not generally appreciated.

Taken by itself skim milk is rather thin, but when taken with bread or used in cooking it forms a very nutritious addition to the diet. Skim milk has nearly all the protein of the whole milk and is one of the richest sources of

lime and phosphorus. Some children refuse to take milk in its natural form. Then the wise mother covers the taste by serving it as milk toast, custard, creamed vegetables, soups, junket and other simple desserts with milk as a basis.

Skim milk may be used in any recipe calling for whole milk. With the addition of butter, to replace the cream removed, the composition approaches whole milk.

Sour milk in cooked foods is especially good. Hot breads made with sour milk have an extra delicacy.

**Brown Nut Bread.**—Mix and sift together two cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda and one and one-half cups of white flour. Add two cups of sour milk to one-half cupful of molasses. To this add the dry ingredients and one-half cupful of sugar. Mix well and add one cupful of chopped nuts. Half fill baking powder cans, well greased; let stand half an hour. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

**Sour Cream Salad Dressing.**—Beat one cupful of sour cream until stiff. Add flavoring of lemon and pineapple juice during the whipping. Season with salt, a dash of curry powder, when using the dressing on vegetables. For fruit omit the curry.

**Cream of Green Pea Soup.**—Take one pint of peas or one can of peas, cook until soft, wash in the water in which they were cooked, put through a sieve, and add enough water to make a quart. Blend with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Season with half a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, a dash of pepper and a pinch of thin cream or milk. Serve hot.

But future years may never find  
A treasure from their passing hours  
Like those that come on memory's wing  
From memory's golden plain of  
flowers.  
—James Clark.

### ORDINARY GOOD THINGS.

Take a pint of any kind of canned fruit juice and stir into it, when boiling, three table-

spoonfuls of sugar that has been soaked several hours in cold water. Add sugar, if necessary, and a little salt; cook in a double boiler until the sugar is soft. Pour into a mold and chill. Serve with cream and sugar, or fruit juice may be used as a sauce.

**Spiced Graham Pudding.**—Take half a loaf of stale graham bread, cut off the crust and press seeded raisins into the bread to cover the entire surface. Make a custard mixture of two cupfuls of milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg. Turn the bread in the custard until well soaked and the milk is entirely absorbed. Put into a buttered mold and steam, tightly covered, one hour. Serve with maple sauce.

**Vegetarian Loaf.**—Take two cupfuls of white bread crumbs, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of walnuts or pecans coarsely chopped, two beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of poultry dressing, one-half cupful of melted butter, pepper and celery salt. Soak the crumbs in the milk and eggs, mix with the other ingredients. Make in an oblong loaf and bake in a greased pan half an hour, basting often with butter. Turn out on a hot platter and serve hot or cold. Use parsley as a garnish.

**Cheese Dreams.**—Cut circles of thinly sliced close-textured bread. Lay very thin slices of cheese between the bread, to form sandwiches. Brown lightly in butter on both sides. Serve hot with plain lettuce salad.

A little leftover ham if finely minced and added to a white sauce will flavor an otherwise flavorless dish. This may be used over buttered toast or as a gravy with baked potatoes.

**Rye Muffins.**—Take two cupfuls of rye meal, two cupfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, or less, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg and two cupfuls of milk. Butter the gem pan and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

**Graham Gems.**—Sift one cupful of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one cupful of graham flour, one egg and one cupful of milk, then add three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and bake in gem pans twenty to thirty minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### MORE REQUESTS.

Before the fairy who had promised to grant the requests of the toys and clothes in the great children's store had told the Wishing Fairy that she was needed, the things in the store kept on talking and wishing.

"I'm tired of dances," said the party dress. "Yes, I'm tired enough of such things. I'm no hand for conversations either. I just want to play."

"You don't know much about hands," said a toy from nearby. "If you say you're not much of a hand for conversation. Conversation is talk and is done by moving the mouth and uttering sounds."

"Well," said the party dress, "I'd like to be a regular dress, instead of always fixed up as I am. I wonder why they made us to suit ourselves rather than to suit us."

"They might have asked us how we wanted to be made," said the blue apron.

"Of course," said the fairy, "you were cut out to be what you are now, still, if you want to change, I'll tell you what I'll do about it. As I promised you, I'll call the Wishing Fairy. She is not always around, but I know she is tonight."

The fairy waved her wand and sang to herself in a low, sing-song. Soon there appeared another fairy with a wand of silver. She was dressed in silver and her cap was of a deep blue like the sky.

"Hello, aprons, gloves, toys, books, games, gold fish, party dresses, gingham dresses," she called.

"They all called back 'Hello.' That is, all the ones who were awake this evening and who weren't so tired that they went to sleep at once."

"What is this I hear that you want?" she asked.

"We all wish we were something else," said the gingham dress. "I'd like to be a party dress, and the party dress is tired of its ribbons and laces. The gold fish down the aisle wants to be—what is it you do want to be gold fish?"

"I want to be a toy," said the gold fish.

"And oh," said a pair of brown jumpers, "I want to be myself. But I want a playmate. I'd like to have a doll, please, fairy!"

"The doll you shall have," said the fairy. "I'll wave my wand."

The Wishing Fairy waved her wand, and the whole store began to grow and grow. It seemed. Each counter was now like a store in itself and none of the counters were near each other. There were great, enormous roadways between the counters and the things were all different themselves. The gingham dress was now a party dress. It was wonderful how a party dress had been made out of the gingham one, for the gingham dress saw that there was some of the old dress left.

"Oh," said the gingham dress, now a party dress, "I do want to go to a party now."

"You shall," said the Wishing Fairy, suddenly appearing again. "Everyone is to have a complete, whole wish



### "Do We Make Mud Pies?"

granted this evening. And all of the others will go where they please and be what they please."

Such a change as there was. The gingham dress, now a party dress, found herself at a great party. There were many boys and girls and they looked at her as she came in the doorway. Oh, how strange and uncomfortable she felt. It was really a most miserable feeling.

"Do we make mud pies later on?" she asked of another party dress.

"Ha, ha," said the other party dress, "where did you come from that you didn't know that at parties such as this we don't do such things. We couldn't soil our clothes. I do believe your grandmother must have been a gingham. My grandmother," the other party dress said very proudly, as she walked off flitting and giggling, "was a Lady Lane and she went to court affairs where my grandfather, Lord Velvet, met her."

"What horrid, snobbish creatures," said the gingham dress. "Oh, dear, what shall I do, no one will be friendly with me. I wish I were going to a good outdoor garden-play-ground party where children and clothes did things so I wouldn't feel so strange."

"All right," said the Wishing Fairy, "I will make you happy and change you back to what you were."

Byron indited fluent and passionate love verses at the age of ten. Tennyson wrote charming lyrics at twelve, and Milton wrote epic poems before he was eleven.



A Masculine Back Appeared.

and no-doctored ad nauseum. When am I going to have an opportunity to become acquainted with you like a regular person? How about a little ride tomorrow afternoon before you have to go on duty?"

Sally wanted to go—how she wanted to go! But the rules were very strict in regard to nurses and doctors being seen together outside the hospital. Besides, Doctor Lane was probably like all the young doctors the nurses gossiped about—ready enough to flirt with any half-way pretty nurse who happened along, but never serious in their intentions. Then an idea popped into her mind. What might not be just right under ordinary circumstances was certainly permissible when done to help out somebody else. Her gray eyes shone like stars as she lifted them to Doctor Lane.

"All right," she said a little breathlessly; "I'll be ready at four."

Promptly at four o'clock the following afternoon Doctor Lane, drawing his trim dark rider up to the curb, found a pretty girl, slim and graceful, in a gray suit topped with a perky hat, awaiting him.

"Where to, O Lady in Gray?" he asked.

"I wonder if you mind taking me down to East street?"

"East street?" echoed the doctor.

"And where might a fair young lady like you be doing on East street?"

"If you'll take me, I'll tell you all about it," cried Sally impulsively.

So while the car wound its way through the meaner streets of the city Sally told him all Molly's sad story.

"I'm going to see if the landlady where she was staying will let her come back and pay for her room by helping in the kitchen until something better turns up. You see, she will be out of the hospital in a day or two, with no place to go. Wouldn't that be dreadful, with twins?" Sally's eyes opened wide at the very thought. "I